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THE

HARVEST BLESSING,

OR

A WORD TO PRUDENT MEN,

BEING

A SERMON PREACHED IN THE CHURCH OF ST. MARY MAGDALENE,

PICTON, C. W.,

BY THE REV. W. MACAULAY,

AUGUST 28TH, 1853.

"There is that scattereth, and yet increaseth: and there is that withholdeth more than is meet, but it tendeth to poverty."—PROVERBS, 11TH CHAP., 24TH VERSE.

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To the Farmers of the County of Prince Edward,

whose worth and value in the community, he looks up to with profound veneration and most willing respect, [illegible] only to that with which he regards the Household of Fa[illegible]

THE PREACHER presumes to inscribe the following pages.

SERMON.

"The blessing of the Lord, it maketh rich, and he addeth no sorrow with it."
PROVERBS 10 ch., 22 v.

The *harvest* being now nearly gathered into the barns, we should, all of us, I think, and the farmers particularly, attempt to form a proper estimate of the blessing—to be duly grateful for its abundance—to look to the right quarter for the giver thereof—and to see that our disposition and conduct be such as a just gratitude would call forth.

"The earth," said the divine Jesus, "bringeth forth fruit of herself; first, the blade, then the ear, after that the full corn in the ear"—and every one of these particulars, though of annual occurrence, is most remarkable. It is true, indeed, that the considerate attention of the farmer is not always given to this as it ought to be. The very profusion of the blessings of the Lord renders men careless, as habitual receivers of them, and inattentive to the principle on which they are conferred. "A man now a days" casts seed into the ground, and sleeps and rises night and day, and the seed springs and grows up, he knoweth not how; but when the fruit is brought forth—then, without having either the time or the care to examine into and ponder on the wonder, "immediately he putteth in the sickle, because the harvest is come." If the harvest be a failure or scanty, the farmer appears either melancholy or querulous; if it be abundant, he often appears infidel and ungrateful.

The farmers of this part of the country—though industrious enough in their habits, and kind neighbors, and affectionate parents and relatives, have alway seemed to me, in an observation of twenty-five or more years, among the most irreligious people in the world; very few of them, indeed, make their appearance to worship God in the prescribed way in this Church; or when now and then a few appear once, the earth has perhaps had time to revolve around the sun in the interval that elapses before they shew themselves again; and when they do come to Church, they make no offering to God, and they make no do-

nation to the poor. Probably they will hear with surprise that such offerings and donations are essential parts of *Christian*—I might enlarge the epithet indeed, and say of *human* duty.

Neither, as far as I can learn, is it different with them when they attend other places of worship. When the farmer appears before God, he seldom comes with the beautiful humility and grateful devotion of a pious and heart-felt offering. The Methodists we know are very far from being a taciturn people, and yet I have never heard a Methodist make acknowledgments to a single farmer in this District for pious offerings, or contributions from the abundant stock of the harvest to the poor. And it seems to be similar with every other denomination of religious worship. The earth is generous and brings forth fruit of herself; the blessing of the Lord watches over it, and gives it increase; the farmer puts his sickle in because the harvest is come But after that the merchant must tell the rest of the tale, for God seems to receive nothing thereof; the sanctuary receives nothing thereof; the poor come in for no share; the altar receives none, nor even wafts from the Agriculturists lips a single thankful prayer to heaven. On the table of the Eucharist—on the Sacramental table—if we were to judge by the pious offerings, the harvest is always scanty, there has never been a blessing from the Lord.

And yet this ought not to be—it never has been so elsewhere—it has never been the case in prior generations—among a people at least that acknowledge the Lord for their God. Take even a Jebusite for instance—one of those devoted nations that were adjudged so wicked that God cast them out before the people of Israel. How did even a Jebusite act in this case, "Araunah looked and saw the King and his servants coming on toward him, and Araunah went out and bowed himself before the King on his face upon the ground; and Araunah said—Wherefore is my Lord the King come to his servant. And David said—To buy the threshing floor of thee, to build an altar unto the Lord, that the plague may be stayed from the people. And Araunah said unto David—Let my Lord the King take and offer up what seemeth good unto him; behold, here be oxen for burnt sacrifice, and threshing instruments, and other instruments of oxen for wood—all these things did Araunah, as a King give unto the King. And Araunah said unto the King—The Lord thy God accept thee." In that case my text had a true exemplification, "The blessing of the Lord it maketh rich, and he addeth no sorrow with it" The pious and loyal liberality of Araunah was altogether blessed.

Do any of our farmers equal, even in pious and devotional liberality, and in grateful acknowledgment to God this Jebusite. But his, in a corrupt nation, was but an individual instance; how was it with the peculiar people of God Let our farmers listen to the rule, "Seven weeks," said the Mosaic law, "shalt thou number unto thee; begin to number the seven weeks from such time as thou beginnest to put the sickle to the corn; and thou shall keep the feast of weeks unto the Lord thy God with a tribute of a free-will offering of thine hand, which thou shall give unto the Lord thy God, according as the Lord thy God hath blessed thee; and thou shall rejoice before the Lord thy God, thou, and thy son, and thy daughter, and thy man servant, and thy maid servant, and the Levite that is within thy gates, and the stranger, and the fatherless, and the widow, that are among you, in the place which the Lord thy God hath chosen to place his name there."

What was annual and festive in the ancient Israel has become imperative and of ordinary and daily obligation under the Gospel on the Christian. "Charge them," says St. Paul to Timothy, "charge them that are rich in this world (and who is richer than the farmer at harvest?) that they be not high-minded, nor trust in uncertain riches, but in the living God, who giveth us all things (richly) to enjoy. That they do good; that they be rich in good works, ready to distribute, willing to communicate; laying up in store for themselves a good foundation against the time to come, that they may lay hold on eternal life.

Such being the infallible example of the Gentiles; such the law of the children of Israel; such the principle laid down in the Gospel; it is wonderful to learn on enquiry, how extensively the godly practice of making offerings to God and the poor has prevailed in the wide and Christian world. "What was paid to the Church," says a learned authority, "for several of the first ages after Christ, was all brought to them by way of offerings—and these were made either at the altar, or at the collections, or else occasionally. That tithes were anciently paid in England by way of offerings, according to the ancient usage and decrees of the Church, appears from the canons of Egbert, Archbishop of York, about the year 750; and from an epistle of Boniface, Archbishop of Mentz, which he wrote to Cuthbert, Archbishop of Canterbury, about the same time; and from the seventeenth canon of the general council, held for the whole Kingdom at Chalcuth, in the year 787. [Burns' Ec. Law.] When voluntary offerings, sometimes of one amount—sometimes of

another—generally a tenth of increase—were customarily made, it was found that many persons came to enjoy all the advantages of the peace and harmony, and spiritual light, and sacred institutions of the Church; and yet dishonestly forbore bearing their just portion of the common burthen; and accordingly laws were made by common consent, to lay the burthen for the worship of God, equally upon all shoulders; and in that confor ation of society, which the world then presented—a little different I admit, from the present, when arts and manufactures, and commerce seem to constitute much of the wealth of the world; this was the rule established, that "of common ri ht tithes are to be paid for such things only as do yield a yearly increase by *the act* of God."

So that our forefathers subscribed, through many generations, to this general principle, that it becomes a Christian man always to remember God and the poor at harvest time. The law was indeed a stern thing, and the tithe was in itself obnoxious to ordinary prejudices; and often made very offensive to individual feelings by unnecessary faults in the collection of it. Still, in spite of all, it bore with it the suffrages of a generous Christian nation through a long lapse of generations, till God had time, as he hath now had, in the slow majestic course of his Providence, to stamp their Christian love with his holy approval by rendering our mother country—principally by reason of their provision for the parochial Clergy, and for the onerous sustenance of the poor—the foremost among the nations of the earth. They did from generation to generation their duty at harvest time; and they often took even the morsel that wife and children longed for, and gave it with a sigh, but still they gave their share to God a id the poor; and hence they came to learn that "the blessing of the Lord, it maketh rich, and he addeth no sorrow with it."

On a right interpretation of the principle of law, such as it would receive in the highest Imperial Courts, I fancy it would be found that the Church of Christ has, though not in exercise, the right to tithe in this territorial dependency of England, notwithstanding the Provincial Act, based or not on a false preamble, that was passed in the U. C. Legislature. But as I do not suppose that such a claim will ever be pressed—the question before our conscience, as Christian and voluntary agents, is this:—How ought we to act, with respect to God and the poor, annually, as the harvest comes round! How is religion to be supported among us! How are Churches to be built! & Min-

istry to be maintained, the worship of God upheld, and the poor relieved, in the years that are to come. It is not that only, but how are we to hand down not alone the Gospel, but civilisation, arts, husbandry and harvest, to after generations. "The blessing of the Lord, it maketh rich, and he addeth no sorrow with it."

The principle established by the Christians of past generations was this, that a portion should be paid for such things only as do yield a yearly increase, by the act of God. The Banker who, however, comes in under another principle, is supposed to be asked for nothing; the Merchant seems exempted; the professions are excluded, or, at that early time of dawning civilisation came in for a share of the offering. All seems to fall upon the farmer. What he receives seems to be the principal thing received by the community. The farmer's blessing seems to be a blessing bound up with all. If there be a blessing any where, it must be that contained in the farmer's blessing. If there be a duty any where it must be contained in the book of the farmer's task. If religion, law, order, happiness in this world, or hope of hereafter; concern any one, it is first of all the farmer. The farmer is the representative of all the duty, all the blessing, and also, of all the blessings of society. And accordingly the increase of the year that appertaineth to the farmer was also noticed by our forefathers, as more especially than any thing else "by the act of God."

The harvest then being always in each year, from generation to generation, our forefathers always spoke and acted with respect to it, as if it were "by the act of God"; and still more, our blessed Saviour having pointed out such remarkable particulars in it; let us dwell a moment on these particulars, and consider whether they do not, in a most especial manner, require us, at each return of the harvest, to seek for the blessing of God, which maketh rich without alloy, in acts of piety and charity.

First saith the Saviour, the earth bringeth forth "the *blade*." Would you believe it—a blade of corn has sprung out of the inert earth. Cain thought it such a miracle, that he brought of the fruit of the ground an offering unto the Lord. It was in that primeval age—in that integrity and clearness of the human intellect, never then weakened and depraved by bad habits, esteemed so splendid an effort of nature, that Cain thought it of the worthiest and best. Cain at that time was no sinner; no murderer; he meant service to God, and the best service; and

hence he watched with surprise and joy the blade—the beauteous blade—vegetation amid the inert earth, a product that rose to hopeful life amid the dark and damp soil—a lovely green shoot that resembled the dawn springing out of the night. How astonishing was that blade! If you took a diamond and raised it a foot or two and then withdrew your hand, the diamond, or the gold would drop upon the ground; and in the most costly things of earth, there was no prospective, no hopefulness. The beauteous blade on the contrary, shewed itself out of the dreary breast of lifeless earth; shewed itself, some morning of cloud and vapour, after thunder showers, and the angry lightning, and it indicated amid all this uproar and confusion, nothing but peace and promise. When Jacob sent his sons, the Patriarchs, to Egypt for corn, there was not a "blade" to be seen in that whole fruitful land of Canaan. It is but two or hardly three hundred years since the blade of the wheat was seen to rise out of the soil of this American continent. From this region the potato plant was sent to Europe, and within the recent tradition of man, Europe sent hither the corn-seed; it was committed to the virgin earth, to the soil of the newly discovered hemisphere, and lo! by the blessing of God, it shot forth "the blade." From the days of Adam, till that happy importation, the Divine hand had been restrained in blessing—no hill, no vale of vast America, had presented to the eyes of wondering man such a miracle as a single blade of wheat. The tithe-payer came from England—he sowed his seed, and it brought forth a hundred fold, and soon filled valley and plain—"for the blessing of God it maketh rich, and he addeth no sorrow with it."

The *blade* of wheat is unlike the wild flower that blushes unseen—it still asserts to the eyes and understanding of man the duties of life and the perfections and bounties of God—it sprouts in civilized spots, it claims a wrought and well tended soil—industry and the arts are always its handmaids. Wherever that blade lifts its green aspiring sheet, there you may be sure are happy faces, domestic hearths, all the relations of life, all the sweet charities, all the piety and religion of man. What seems so natural to us—so much in the course of things, is in fact most surprising, and under the heavenly blessing, artificial. In the Arctic regions, no blade is born—ocean, which covers the greater part of the earth's surface, yields it not—the Bare mountain heights cannot produce it—the arid sands of Arabia are not blessed by it—the swamp and the mineral soil refuse it harbor. It is only where the blessing of God is upon the land; that this

miracle of a single blade of wheat can be shewn, and where that blessing rests, then the single blade assumes infinite multiplications. At first a miracle of existence, it soon assumes the shape of a law of nature. We are deceived by the sight of its universal prevalence here. The greater the Divine interference actually has been in this matter, the less have we come to think it. Till less than 50 years ago—till even the aged and worthy clerk, now still living among us, came to this peninsula, not all the suns—not all the shades,—not all the revolving seasons—nor the busy race of wanderers, had ever seen a blade of corn in this our neighborhood. It is God's recent miracle in this country. Creation, in that respect, began as it were in this locality scarce 50 years ago. Within the memory and experience of living man; the first settlers almost perished for want of that blade which we now see every where around us. The very old people tell us of a scarcity of food when, but for the fishes of the pretty lakes, they would not have subsisted, for then there was no blade of wheat to be seen. All this has happened so recently, and yet my brethren, our farmers do not consider it. They gather in the harvest, or they watch the blade, but then they do not seek the blessing of God; or at least do not seek it with the earnestness, piety and religious observances that they ought.

The blessing of God, my brethren, it is that which maketh rich—for if you will observe, not only has the blade of wheat been, as it were by creative power introduced among us, but it is also in danger of being as miraculously withdrawn. Would you believe that these golden harvests may be gathered from our fields now for nearly the last time. Would you deem it credible that this our fertile earth may soon refuse to bring forth the green blade—or that being poured forth from earth's bounteous lips the blade itself may sicken and die; and that if not universally, at least in the greater degree, so far as to fail to recompense the labor of cultivation. Such a catastrophe, I trust our piety, our lovely and reverent performance of Christain duties, our prayers, our sacraments, our sustained Church may help to avert from us. But really the danger of the lovely blade of wheat disappearing from our annual fields is near and imminent. For many years, rye bread has been the food of the New England States. But latterly an insect or fly, or several varieties of insects, have ravaged all the tender blades of the wheat field there, so that many of the most sanguine agriculturists are said to be about resigning the unprofitable labor of attempting its growth. That feeble but innumerable insect host has destroyed

upon the invaluable blades of the wheat, and for more than [illegible] years, has been the means of driving from homes and fam[illegible]es to distant States and Western Prairies, many of the most valuable and industrious inhabitants of that region. No natural cause simply seems adequate to explain this general and repeated, this continued and increasing destructiveness of the fly. The soil is fertile—the climate beautiful—the seasons benign. What has happened in that part of America, has never been known to occur, in any comparable degree at least, in any other portion of Christendom. The only solution of the difficulty is, that in Europe the farmer annually devotes, by obedience to primitive custom and a holy law, a certain propitiatory portion of his annual increase "by the act of God," to the purposes of piety and benevolence—and that the American does not—*i. e.*, though good-natured, neighborly, and benevolent in individual disposition, what he gives, he does not give in humble piety, or under the sense of a divinely prescribed duty—but he gives it in the pride of human nature, and under a sense of human dignity. For he is apt to forget, "that the blessing of the Lord, it maketh rich, and he addeth no sorrow with it." Compare the natural soil and climate of Great Britain with that of the American regions, and the balance would appear to be in favor of the latter, and yet the remains of Roman wheat, occasionally discovered in the granaries of ruined villas 15 or 1800 years ago, or of Egyptian as rarely gathered in catacombs of 3000 years old, appears no better than the modern grain raised in England—while in America, the wheat that was introduced in perfection and grew vigorously, and yielded abundantly, refuses under the most improved husbandry of this day, in 200 or in 50 years to bring a blessing to the labourer.

The blade that grows at our feet is attractive from its loveliness. It catches our attention in spite of care or any other engagement of mind; and it teaches us a duty—for while green and flourishing, it points towards the heaven—from the heaven it basks in and imbibes the rays of the solar light—the showers which the heaven sends it eagerly receives and treasures up—and the dew drop rests no where more beautifully than on the tender and graceful blade. The gentle monitions of this humble monitor—the persuasiveness of this mute, but expressive, and almost universal emblem, ought to attract the farmer's attention and to melt the farmer's heart. For the divine Jesus, amid all his high and holy meditations and arduous care, could not but be moved by it. "The earth," saith he, "bringeth forth fruit of herself, first the *blade*."

But while we look, the natural energy of earth proceeds. The blessing of the Lord, it maketh rich; the blade displays its wonders for a sufficient time for man to consider and meditate thereon, if he will. But as if the senseless plant which however seems to depend altogether upon heaven, were rewarded for its image of faithful trust, there then appears "the ear." That is, there is an indication of a coming harvest; there is hope and probability, but as yet no substance. All looks like a favourable harvest, but there is nothing in hand. The ear is the pledge—the earnest of what is to come, but not the very thing itself; and yet when that new feature is exhibited, the man would be unreasonable, who witnessing such an instance of natural or divine power could doubt the completion of the process. All-wise Providence, however, chooses that time and interval to visit the rising harvest with all its plagues. Not only the foot of man, or the depredations of animals are then to be feared—but every ray of sunshine—every passing cloud—the dog-day drought—and the nightly dew—the summer deluge, and the dreaded blight. If the blade reminds the farmer of a constant law of duty to God, the ear presents its transient annual reminiscence of that duty. Many hearts are more moved by a particular benefaction than by general mercies. The mind that cannot estimate the vastness of creative or providential blessing, whereby the blade is allowed to shoot from every soil and in every climate, may find interest and emotion from the scrutiny of a single individual field. What escapes that promising field daily and hourly has! and then each escape connects itself with the individual's private history and fortunes. If but that tempest passes harmless, he thinks, how I shall pay this debt, or accomplish that favorite design! Should the distemper rage a few days more fiercely, he thinks, that it will prevent a child's schooling, or deprive a consort of necessary medical attendance, or the whole family of customary food. Senseless man—he blinds himself up in a dark selfishness—he looks at limited causes—does not enlarge his views to take in grand perceptions of Providence, nor seek in humble piety and religious observances to get the blessing of the Lord, which maketh rich, and he addeth no sorrow with it. While all is promise unfulfilled—hope unrealized—while all depends on God—even then he meditates no act of devotion to God, or liberality to the poor—he makes no vow of gratitude—he thinks not of the Lord of the harvest, who can fill the ear, or scatter its contents.

"After that," the Saviour points out, "the earth bringeth forth

the full corn in the ear." Then that miracle of providential mercy which demands the lasting astonishment of every man—that a corn of wheat having fallen into the ground and died, should bring forth a return of thirty, sixty, and an hundred fold, is often thrown away upon the inobservant, unreflecting, irreligious farmer. The blade that was so beautiful and aspiring—the ear that with such divine artifice, was contrived and brought to perfection, give then way to the superior miracle—the end and aim of the whole process, viz: the full corn in the ear. That wonderful grain, containing so much in such little compass—such valuable material—food for man, harmless—wholesome nourishing food, a kind of manna, (for heaven alone could give it, and it needs the industry and field labor of man to gather it,) that wonderful full corn, which then loses one property to gain another, which ceases itself to feed on the furnished juice, and becomes whole aliment to the animal man; this corn, that makes the harvest, ought to teach the farmer, that the blessing of the Lord, it maketh rich; because, without that blessing, even the full corn in the ear may fail in enriching the farmer. On the field of Waterloo, the richest harvest was snatched from the farmer's hand, while its milky corn was weighing down every head, only to be trodden down by unnumbered feet of the violent of the earth, doing the work of an inscrutable Lord. On the Mississippi River, from time to time unexpected inundations commit similar spoliations. In New Brunswick, some years back, a raging fire that desolated the country, swept also with the flail of destruction the copious harvest. In Sicily, Etna sometimes covers the ripened harvest in a bed of lava. In the Carraccas, earthquakes have been known to swallow it. But when no general cause arrests it, as the farmer's wain approaches to gather the full corn in—unless the blessing of the Lord be with the farmer, the blade, and the ear, and the full corn, and the fruitful and yielding earth, will have been bounteous in vain. For the sick stomach loatheth food—a depressing fever embitters the perception of the harvest—and this is also particularly to be considered—that if injustice, fraud, or any evil passion has been mixed up with the aim and business of the harvest—then sorrow and sadness come instead of joy—fear and anxiety press more heavily on the conscious heart, than even the sheaves upon the laden wheels, and by painful experience the farmer learns what the Church of God would fain teach him in more pleasant ways, "that the blessing of the Lord, it maketh rich, and he addeth no sorrow with it."

Of all earthly sights, none is so engaging and gratifying as the Christian farmer gathering in his well-earned harvest—the product of his honest industry, which he brings home with grateful heart to the giver of all good, and under humble and sincere petitions for the blessing of the Lord alway. He is rich alway in the blessing of the Lord. If his harvest be abundant, he mindeth not what he giveth to God and the poor. If it be scanty, the portion of God is his pledge that his seed will sprout the better on following year. In fulness, or in scarcity, he has the felicity of a good conscience, the conscience of not only an honest, but of a pious man. He has indeed done nothing by deceit—he has committed no injustice—but incalculably more, he has during the whole process, looked up to and confessed the Giver of all good—he has received his corn as the ravens receive their food, at a divine hand; he has also been mindful of God's favourite, the poor,—and hence at peace with heaven, and beloved by men, undisturbed too in conscience—"the blessing of the Lord, it maketh him rich, and he addeth no sorrow with it."

"The earth," the Saviour says, "bringeth forth fruit of herself, first the blade, then the ear—after that the full corn in the ear." But instead of looking to the earth, as a means of blessing—as so many inconsidering farmers do—the earth itself is but an agent, like the rest. She does her part blindly, but well. From her bosom she brings forth fruit. Senseless as she is, that is the return she makes to the Almighty power of the heaven, for the sun that enlightens and warms her—for the moon that aids growth and vegetation—for the beneficial and ornamental clouds—for the salts and stimulants with which airs and earths are stored. Not only she reproves the torpid ingratitude of the farmer, by all she throws forth—such as the blade, the ear, and the full corn in the ear—but by the very general process of productiveness itself she reproves his sluggish and rigid soul. For she, the bosom of all that grows or is yielded is our mother earth—for dust we are and unto dust we must return. The immeasurable mass of earth performs and has performed steadily its assigned functions—it revolves on its axis—it encircles the sun—it throws forth gratefully ripening productions. Not a particle of earth, but according to its nature, size, position, and opportunity, does not perform its part in the general system. Man alone, the child of earth, does not even maintain himself in equal perfection of duty with that inferior element of his nature. The farmer, conversant hourly with the processes of this fruitful earth will learn nothing from her wisdom, and still lost

will he learn from the authority of inspiration—"that the blessing of the Lord, it maketh rich, and he addeth no sorrow with it."

But in this text, a closer investigation will show us that there is a wheel within a wheel. The blessing of the Lord—what is that blessing? does it concern itself only with the material products of the earth? with carnal wealth, with the absence of temporal sorrow only. Has that high and eternal Lord but one blessing only?—or is there not a better blessing?—a better wealth—a nobler and more desirable felicity than any we have yet alluded to. The blessing of the Lord is that sole and inappreciable blessing which comes to us through Jesus Christ, his Divine Son, our loving and meritorious Lord, and [illegible] intercessor.

"For so," said Jesus, "is the kingdom of God, as if a man should cast seed into the ground, and should sleep and rise night and day, and the seed should spring and grow up, he knoweth not how; for the earth bringeth forth fruit of herself, first, the blade—then the ear, after that the full corn in the ear; but when the fruit is brought forth, immediately he putteth in the sickle, because the harvest is come."

The [illegible] harvest [illegible] symbolises the human [illegible]. The world throws forth generations [illegible] and accountable beings—[illegible] by heralds and pressed by loving [illegible] Providences into the Church [illegible], and love to be called Christians [illegible] and profess to seek, through Christ [illegible] the Lord. But mark their conduct. The [illegible] bringeth forth, first the blade—i. e. a regular organized [illegible] upon certain laws and conditions, and [illegible] derivation of the ear and the [illegible] we formed into the [illegible] full corn in the ear. [illegible] Is it by baptism, and the very character of Christian [illegible] renunciation of all evil—a self-dedication [illegible] of baptism—a [illegible] to God, the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost—an outward [illegible] and spiritual union with the Church of Christ, and a life corresponding thereto. Is there no canker in the blade?—[illegible] is it not a tare instead of a wheat [illegible]?—does no blight [illegible] does it follow the law of its [illegible]? [illegible] in reality, as well as in [illegible] we now speak of such temporal and superficial [illegible] voluntarily [illegible], to God, and [illegible]

to his suffering saints. But are we in reality, faithful and sincere? Do we live by faith and not by sight? Do we indeed receive Christ as our Saviour? Do we copy his heavenly mindedness, his humility, his benevolence, his loving labours, his self-denial—are we just to all men—are we charitable in our judgments of each other, as well as in our own acts.

And is our Christian life consistent and of a piece—does the blade shoot forth the ear, and after that does the spiritual plant ripen into full corn in the ear. For if that is the case, we must, by necessity, become true and holy partakers of that Sacrament of the Body and Blood of Christ; which was instituted by the Lord himself, and whereby we do shew forth the Lord's death till he comes. That Sacrament is a vital part of the Christian's life—it is the dew from heaven upon us—the shower heaven sent, that preserves vitality and increaseth growth. Can you fancy a blade ripening without dew—a world without the rain cloud. If so you may then imagine a Christian disciple without the Sacrament. At Baptism we may spiritually be said to be formed into the blade—by sacred services and steadiness of holy exertion into the ear. It is only by the Holy Communion of the Lord's Body and Blood that we ripen into the full corn in the ear. We should still without the Sacrament—or with its neglect—fulfil the outline of our existence—for the Sacrament is itself no part of our nature, of our history; but then we should reach a blighted end; there would not be full corn, nor whole corn, but the blackness of ashes in the ear, and the sickle would be put in—the sickle, I say, of divine mercy and wisdom would be baffled, and could not gather us for our allotted place in heaven, but for our doom in the regions of remorse and hopeless woe.

No—the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper is the blessing from the Lord, which received with true faithful hearts, and after due preparation will render us veritably rich. That is the food which will cause our fainting hearts to revive and courageously to persevere unto the end in our spiritual warfare—that is the elixir which will cause us to open our eyes and see constantly with a clearer and more delighted vision, the wondrous things of God's law—that is the true viaticum, whereby we shall have food and raiment, and every thing that will cause and aid us to go on our way rejoicing. The blessing of the Lord who can express it, who can describe the Lord's blessing—the Lord's favorite blessing—that peculiar Sacrament which dying he entrusted—that which he ordained as the last legacy of inestimable

[illegible] yearning love—the feast at which the Lord himself doth eat, [illegible] the twelve Apostles around—the breaking of bread, which the first ago witnessed, and the pouring out of wine, which is as it were the life blood of Jesus. That solemn mystery, and [illegible] solemn, glorious, the holy and prescribed feature of the Lord's Supper, whereby every faithful communicant becomes united to his head, and knitted unto all that congregation of saints on earth, and saints made perfect, which forms the chief work—the distinguishing Providential glory of the Lord. It is true we are, as it were, but a single blade of the golden harvest. But then that harvest is all glorious—it extends through time and space, and if all be like us, let us remember that we individually must fulfil the condition of our Christian existence, with as much fidelity as the blind tenement, but beautiful blade in the natural world, fulfils its laws of creation.

Of that, among others, the farmers—that numerous class of farmers, whose industry clothes this country with the [illegible] corn, and whose good neighborly qualities all must value [illegible] Of that they would seek the crowning grace [illegible] that makes [illegible] with a single [illegible] and more than all of a [illegible] faithful, and the [illegible] How would they know [illegible] of the Lord, it maketh rich, and he addeth no [illegible]

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